

CT
275
C016I6

UC-NRLF



\$B 471 858

William Cross y.

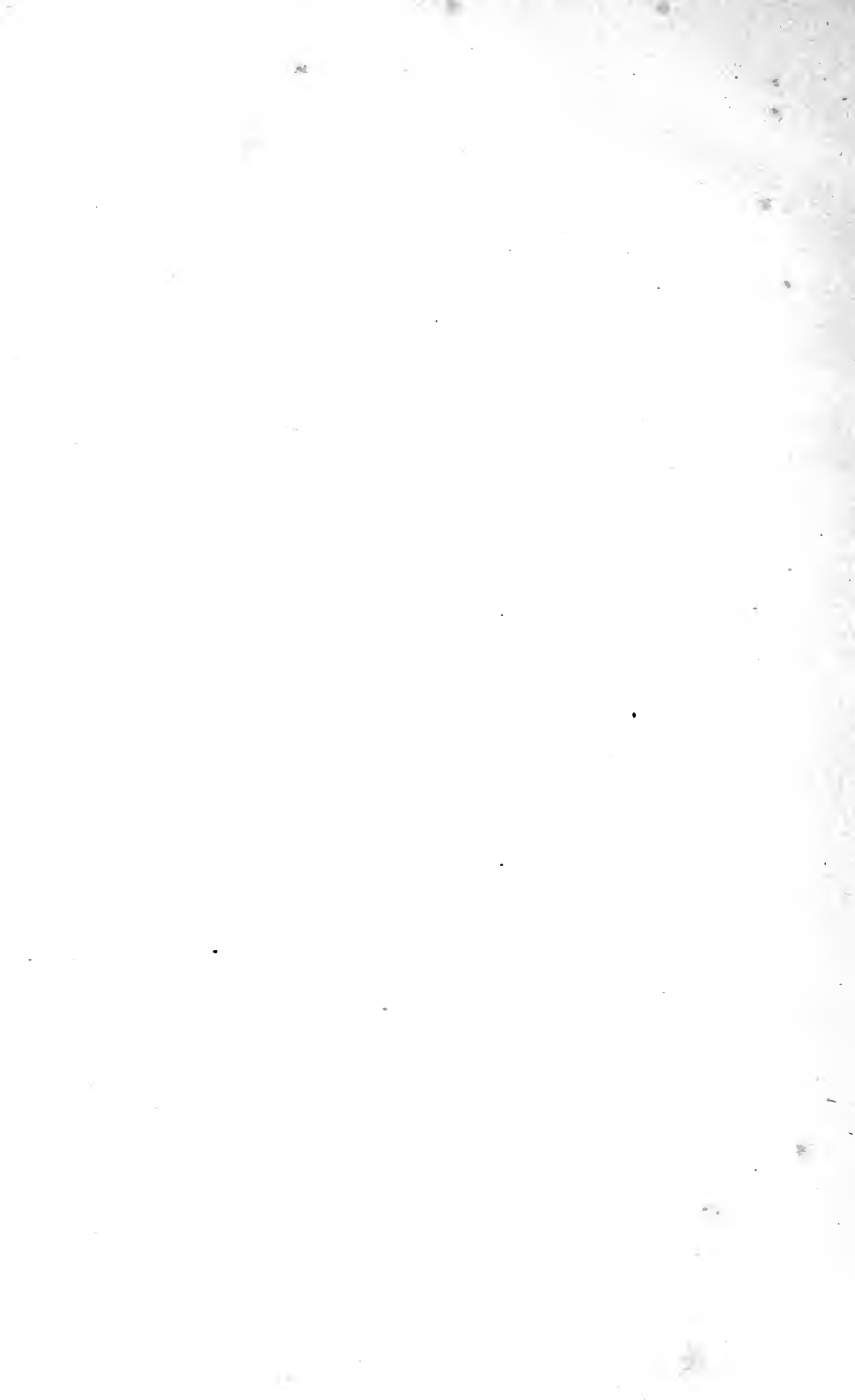


THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

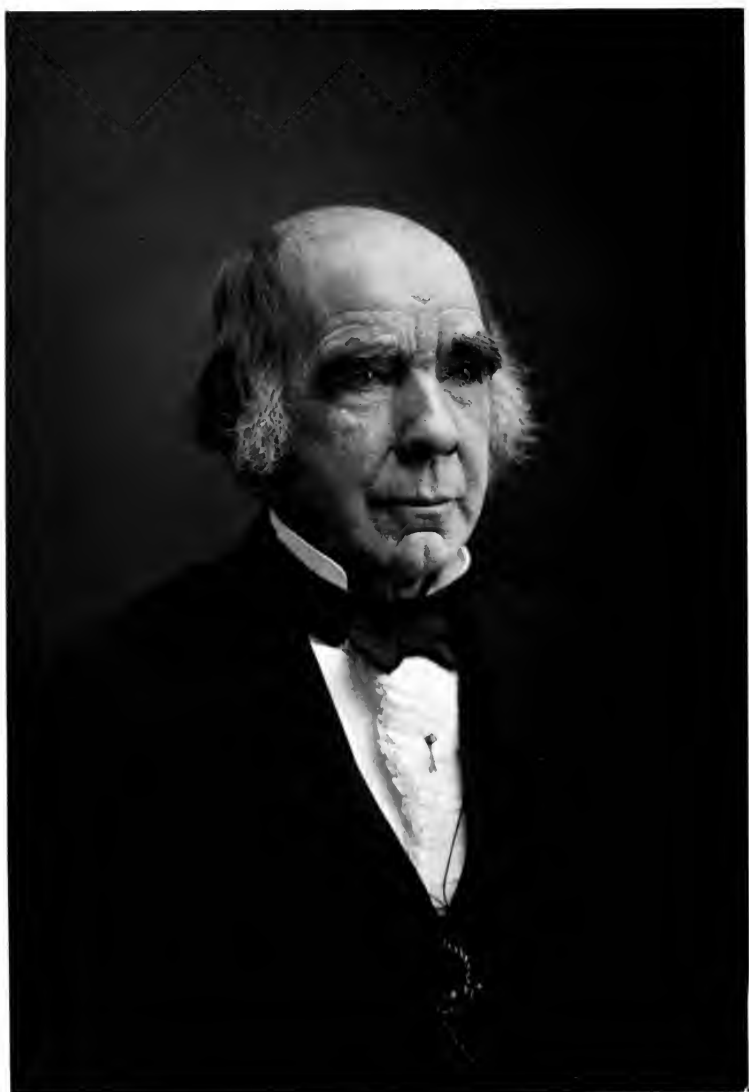
CERF LIBRARY
PRESENTED BY
REBECCA CERF '02
IN THE NAMES OF
CHARLOTTE CERF '95
MARCEL E. CERF '97
BARRY CERF '02











In Memoriam.

NATHAN CROSBY, LL.D.



Born february 12, 1798.

Died february 10, 1885.

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

CT275
C916I6

To meet the demand for such a sketch as should fairly set forth the life and character of Judge Crosby for these pages, it was at first designed to reproduce in the way of exact quotation what had been given to the public by the daily press of this city at the time of his death.

But this method, it was found, would require an inconvenient amount of space and would involve not a little repetition; as the facts were derived by the different writers mainly from the same source.

A better plan seemed to be to obtain the consent of the authors to a free, condensed, and newly arranged use of their paragraphs with this general acknowledgment of indebtedness to them for the work which they had so ably and faithfully done.

This gives to the sketch the effect of a continuous narrative, with the advantage that comes from the several attractive side-lights of varied authorship and diversities of style. In this form it is affectionately dedicated to those who were near and dear to him, and to the friends that knew and loved him best.

M570907



In Memoriam.

JUDGE NATHAN CROSBY is dead. Full of years and honors he passed serenely from this life into the life immortal, at a few minutes after nine o'clock, Tuesday evening, February 10, 1885. Had he lived thirty-six hours longer he would have completed his eighty-seventh year, a remarkable age in this era of short-lived men. It was not, however, the mere multiplicity of years that made the man so interesting, but the ease and grace with which they were carried. His eye was bright, his form erect, his step elastic, his whole bearing a striking illustration of the sturdy strength of mind and body with which a life of mental and moral probity is crowned. He died as he had lived — naturally, nobly, fearless in his belief in truth, justice, and Almighty God. His example to the community in which he lived is the greatest monument that could be left behind the man. He was loved, respected, venerated by all who knew him. His heart was of a large and generous mould, full of love for all, sympathy for their infirmities, joy for their successes, hope for their future. As a Christian, he was unwavering in his belief in the doctrines of the Orthodox Congregational church, and looked with stern disapprobation upon any departure from its tenets. He was a practical Christian. He did not believe in words without works, and many of the poor and needy of his city cherish his name in sacred remembrance for the acts

of charity he so unostentatiously performed. He was eminently a "Christian gentleman." In the most untoward and vexatious circumstances he was distinguished by a calm and dignified demeanor, which spoke more eloquently than open rebuke against the sway of passion and the heat of words. In his professional life, his conduct was an example of well-poised forbearance toward all who came antagonistically in contact with him; and of consideration and respect for the opinions of each honest man, no matter what their relations might be to each other. Socially, he was genial and entertaining, and a Chesterfieldian politeness marked his intercourse with all men and women.

He was blessed with an equable and uniform temperament. He was never passionate, irritable, or exacting. Always cheerful and genial, he could not help being considerate of the feelings of others. He was a very liberal man, and was constantly regardful of the wants and necessities of the people. His domestic relations were of the happiest description, and he was almost worshiped by his children and grandchildren, nephews, and nieces. He was extremely fond of young people, and was never more happy than when he had a circle of them about him.

He loved to entertain his friends, and the larger the number he could gather at his dinner table the more satisfaction he expressed. He loved to read and study, and spent the most of his time among his books in his library. Gardening was a favorite pastime in the summer, and his beautiful garden, filled with rare plants and choice flowers, was always the admiration of his neighbors. He possessed quiet home tastes, and never joined any of the local secret societies. He had a very high opinion of the duties and respon-

sibilities of a local magistrate, and gave deep thought and consideration to all matters affecting the morals of the community in which he lived for so many years. At the time of his appointment as police judge, the office was considered a very much higher honor than it is at present. During the changes that came to his observation, he ever performed his duties faithfully and conscientiously, and he once declined an appointment to the bench of the superior court. His love for his home and his family was so great, that he could not bear to absent himself from them as much as the duties of a superior court judge would require. Although an advocate of prohibition, he never made himself prominent in politics. Prohibition without reference to politics was his standard.

It was but a short time, a little more than four weeks, that Judge Crosby's familiar form was missed from the bench of the police court, where for so many years he had been honorably seated. The last occasion upon which he was seen in the streets, was on Monday, January 12, when he attended a meeting of the Corporation of the Five Cents Savings Bank. On that day he was elected president of the institution, but declined the honor on account of advanced age, and the indisposition to assume further responsibilities. From the day referred to, he was confined to the house, but not to his bed until Wednesday, February 4th. Up to the end of November of last year, he had never been ill a day in his life. On the evening of the last Saturday of the month named, he was walking through the hallway of his residence, when he stumbled and fell over a package that he had not observed. The fall caused a shock which brought on a nervous form of dyspepsia, and his appetite began to fail. He suffered consider-

ably on the following Sunday, but recovered sufficiently to be able to preside in court on Monday. He attended to his judicial duties all through the month of December, and evinced a strong determination to battle against his failing health. He was conscious of his growing weakness, but he was always hopeful that a change for the better would come. At length he became so weak physically, that he was unable to leave his home. His mind continued as bright and clear as usual, however, and he spent his time in his library reading and writing and receiving calls from his friends, whom it always gave him great pleasure to entertain. His immediate relatives became aware that his end was fast approaching, and that his continued inability to receive nourishment in any form, made his demise but a question of a few days. The Judge, meanwhile, continued in the best of spirits, and never expressed a thought but that each succeeding day would show signs of improvement in his health.

He retired to bed on Wednesday night, February 4th, and was never able to leave it again. He sank rapidly, but retained his consciousness and vivacity up to Monday evening. Loving attendants were never once absent from his bedside, and the fatal moment when he should pass away was awaited with tearful eyes. Tuesday morning he lapsed into unconsciousness, and though once or twice during the day he mutely recognized the group about him with his eyes, he never spoke again. At a few minutes after nine o'clock, in the evening, as before related, he sank gently, peacefully, into the sleep of death, having, so far as is known, suffered not a pang of pain during the entire term of his illness. It was a fitting close of a singularly pure and peaceful life.

Surrounding the death-bed were his wife, Mrs. Matilda

Crosby ; her niece, Miss Mitchell ; his son, Hon. Stephen M. Crosby, of Boston, and his four daughters, Mrs. F. C. Martin, of Boston, widow of the late Dr. Martin, Mrs. M. C. Lyon, Mrs. N. W. Norcross, and Mrs. Charles Francis, all of Lowell. Messrs. Norcross and Francis were also present.

Judge Crosby sprang from good old English stock. The Crosby family took root in this country in the year 1635, when Simon Crosby, the seventh in remove from the subject of this memoir, arrived with his wife Ann on the "Susan and Ellyn," and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Josiah Crosby, the grandfather of Nathan, was born in Billerica in 1730. He was a captain in the Revolution, and was present with two sons at the battle of Bunker Hill. His son Asa, Nathan's father, was born in Amherst, now Milford, New Hampshire, in 1765. Nathan was born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, on the 12th of February, 1798. His mother was Betsey Hoit, daughter of Col. Nathan Hoit, of Sandwich, who was an officer in Washington's body guard. Nathan was the seventh of her ten children, nine of whom were living at the time of her death, April 2, 1804.

Nathan's father was married again in 1806, his second wife being Abigail Russell, who had seven children, of whom two only were living at the time of her death in 1856.

From this it will be seen that Judge Crosby was one of a family of seventeen brothers and sisters, of whom the only survivor is Mrs. Sarah Burleigh, of Dexter, Maine, ninety years old, and widow of the late Dr. Gilman Burleigh. It was to visit this sister that he made his last journey from home in November. The last time that he left Lowell was at Christmas, when he dined with his son in Boston.

The country into which Nathan was born was in the infancy of its settlement, and the stirring days of the Revolution were fresh in the memory of its inhabitants. There was a great deal of work and very little play in store for the lad, as he soon found out when he reached the years when his hands could be levied upon for their share of assistance in the maintenance of the household.

Passing over the experience of his earlier days, it is found that in 1814 the boy Nathan was sent to Jacob Tweed Eastman, a member of Dartmouth College, to learn Latin, but after one term with him, Eastman closed his school, and Nathan was then sent to "the good old Master Leavitt, the almanac maker," who gave him "more praise than knowledge" for another term. After that he went to Salisbury, where Samuel I. Wells, a graduate of Dartmouth College, gave him thorough instruction for a year. In the spring of 1816 Nathan's father removed to Gilmanton, New Hampshire, and after a short term at the Gilmanton Academy, Nathan entered Dartmouth College, from which institution he was graduated in 1820.

Of his college life Judge Crosby was wont to speak with affectionate remembrance. By none of her alumni was the old Granite State college more fondly remembered than by him. It had been his custom often in recent years to receive at his home such Dartmouth graduates as could be summoned from this vicinity, and at such gatherings there was the most affectionate homage by all at the shrine of their alma mater. There were nineteen members in his class, of whom, last year, but three were living. Those beside himself were Rev. David Goodwillie, Liberty, Pennsylvania, and Hon. George W. Nesmith, of Franklin, New Hamp-

shire. But three of previous classes remained: Rev. Oliver Swain Taylor, of Auburn, New York, 1807; Martin Brainard, St. Augustine, Florida, 1817, and Gen. H. K. Oliver, Boston, 1818. His class contained many who subsequently became widely known, among them his surviving classmate, Hon. George W. Nesmith, who attained distinction in the law in New Hampshire. There was also Judge Nathaniel G. Upham, of Concord, who lived to become one of the most distinguished members of the New Hampshire Bar; also Hon. George P. Marsh, LL.D., who was Minister to Turkey in 1849-1856, special Minister to Greece in 1852, and Minister to Italy in 1861. During his college life he formed personal friendships which were cherished in after life, and which were of great pleasure and value to him. Among these, beside those mentioned above, were Rufus Choate and John Aiken of the class of 1819.

Returning to Gilmanton, the young man began the study of law, and after two years' application to Coke and Blackstone there, he went into the office of the Hon. Asa Freeman at Dover, New Hampshire, and was admitted to the Bar in the autumn of 1823. He then opened an office in New Chester, now Hill, New Hampshire, but soon returned to Gilmanton, where, on September 28, 1824, he married Rebecca Marquand, daughter of Stephen Moody. She was a lady of great personal beauty, of refined, dignified and courteous manner, benevolent, warm-hearted, and sincere.

He was taken into law partnership with Mr. Moody, and remained with him until 1826, when he removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, and from there, three years later, to Newburyport. Up to this time he had pursued his profession with courage, diligence, and success, and with fair

prospects of distinction, but was successfully tempted to return to Amesbury and take the place of agent of the Salisbury Manufacturing Company. Manufacturing was then a popular and growing interest, and offered to young men great temptations as an opening field to influence and power. He spent about six years in Amesbury and Newbury and Newburyport in the prosecution of manufacturing business, when he removed to Boston as the agent of the Massachusetts Temperance Union, to conduct the great moral warfare between the friends and opposers of the historic fifteen-gallon law. He traveled through the State, holding conventions, making addresses, printing papers, tracts, etc., to establish, as he has said, the great doctrine of the right of the people to protect themselves by law against the evils of the sale of intoxicating liquor. He always looked back to this work with a great deal of satisfaction, and during its five years' continuance he made the acquaintance and friendship of many distinguished men, few of whom, however, have outlived him.

Judge Crosby was also early identified with the anti-slavery and other reforms, and was one of the earliest and most active advocates of railroads. During the temperance movement referred to, he edited the *Temperance Journal*, and other interesting documents that were issued at that time.

In November, 1843, Judge Crosby came to Lowell and took up his residence in the city which he held unbroken from that day until his death. He resumed the practice of law upon his removal to this city, and in 1845 and 1846 was engaged in purchasing the New Hampshire lakes for reservoirs of water for the manufacturing corporations in Lowell and Lawrence. On May 19, 1846, he received his commis-

sion as standing justice of the police court of Lowell, and took the oath of office on the same day. For thirty-nine consecutive years he has occupied the bench of the police court, a remarkable record of long tenure of office of which Judge Crosby was justly proud. He was nominated for the office by the late Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, Massachusetts, and was commissioned by the late ex-Governor Briggs.

Some years ago, Judge Crosby wrote an admirable pamphlet on the "First Half Century of Dartmouth College," and later, at the request of the Alumni, a "Eulogy upon the late Hon. Tappan Wentworth," of Lowell, donor to the college of half a million dollars. Also, by request, a eulogy on Judge Samuel S. Wilde, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, which he delivered before the Alumni at the Commencement of 1881. He also delivered before the Essex County Association and the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1879 an address, consisting of personal reminiscences of Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, and Robert Rantoul, who were his friends and contemporaries at the Essex bar. Besides the works referred to, Judge Crosby has published a voluminous amount of matter upon the temperance cause, his numerous contributions to the local press being well known to all the citizens of Lowell. He was an earnest, honest writer, seeking more to impress upon the mind the truth of what he had to say than to clothe his thoughts in rhetorical graces and embellishments.

In 1867, on the thirtieth day of January, Judge Crosby's wife died in Lowell, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. They had nine children, five of whom are still living.

The loss of his daughter, Mrs. Caverly, and his granddaughter Amy, by shipwreck on the Scilly Islands in 1875,

was a most terrible and bitter affliction, weighing heavily upon his spirits for many months.

For his second wife he married Matilda (Pickens) Fearing, daughter of James and Charity Pickens, and widow of Dr. Joseph W. Fearing, of Providence, Rhode Island. The marriage took place in Boston, May 19, 1870, and Mrs. Crosby survives her husband.

The death of this venerable and venerated citizen severs the most prominent link that has connected the Lowell of the present with the Lowell of the past. Judge Crosby was a scion of one of the sturdiest of the sturdy families of New England. The Crosby race has long been conspicuous in New England annals; and in every epoch for the past two hundred years, of the stirring life of this cold corner of the country, the name of Crosby has figured with more or less activity and honor. It is as a magistrate and a philanthropist that this community has known the late Judge. For thirty-nine years the standing judge of the local police court, and doubtless at his decease the oldest police judge in the nation, Judge Crosby has stood between more offenders against the law and the public weal than any other man who has ever sat upon a bench of justice. In all this long and varied experience with the elements that go to make up the evil that exists in society, it is literally true that the late dispenser of the penalties of the law was ever actuated by a desire to protect both the interests of the accused unfortunates, who day after day were arraigned in his court, and the welfare of the people, whose servant at all times he considered himself to be.

As a worker in the cause of temperance, Judge Crosby's labors should not be lost sight of. For many years he has

been a conspicuous contributor to various temperance publications, has spoken upon this vital subject from many platforms, and has exemplified in his own manner of living the principles which he advocated. Judge Crosby's life, precept, and example, form a valuable addition to the current history of the city, and can be held up to the people of the day as worthy of all imitation.

One of the chief lessons of his life to the present generation is the value of sober living. Here was a man whose birth antedates that of the present century, and yet his steady form and vigorous elastic step, and clear and alert mental powers, had been preserved up to within a few months, if not weeks, of the final hour of dissolution. He had been free from any and all of the inordinate and hurtful excesses of modern life ; had made the condition of his health a study, and had so favored nature by abstemious habits and methods of daily routine, that the four-score and more of years were less apparent upon his form and features than three-score upon many who have been the contemporaries of this eminent and upright citizen. It was the result of intelligence and discretion in the commonest affairs of every-day life ; and its effect should not be lost upon the fast and deteriorating livers of the present day.

The Funeral.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1885, 2.30 P.M.

At the House.

1. "ASLEEP IN JESUS" Choir.
 2. SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
 3. "THERE IS A SAFE AND SECRET PLACE" Choir.
 4. ADDRESS AND PRAYER.
 5. "SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE" Choir.
 6. Benediction.
-

At the Grave.

Service of Committal, and Prayers by Rev. Alfred E. Johnson.

Selections from the Scriptures.

After a portion of Psalms XC and XXXIX the following selections were read :

Thou art my hope O Lord God ! thou art my trust from my youth.
... Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now, also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God forsake me not until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power unto every one that is to come.

In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me ; he shall set me up upon a rock.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him ; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him ; I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

If thou prepare thine heart and stretch out thine hands toward the Almighty, thou shalt be steadfast and not fear — because thou shalt forget thy misery as waters that pass away ; and thine age shall be clearer than the noon-day ; thou shalt shine forth as the morning ; thou shalt take thy rest in safety ; none shall make thee afraid ; yea many shall make suit unto thee.

Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh ; thy tabernacle shall be in peace ; and thou shalt come to thy grave in full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season.

The memory of the just is blessed. The fear of the Lord prolongeth days.

The labor of the righteous tendeth to life.

Let thine heart keep my commandments; for length of days and long life and peace shall they add to thee.

Happy is he that findeth wisdom. She is more precious than rubies; length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree—he shall grow like the cedar in Lebanon; those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God: they shall still bring forth fruit in old age.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me: Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

Address.

THIS is the sad and solemn hour of our leave-taking of all that is mortal of our honored brother and friend. At such an hour, our minds naturally ask for those thoughts which are consolatory and uplifting, and point us to our own higher duties, and the needed preparation for the great inheritance of the life to come.

We have much to console us in this hour of bereavement. While, like every visitation of death, it impresses upon us that all are mortal ; that there is no discharge in this warfare ; that it knows no exemptions ; that all are banded together in the solemn march to the grave ; we cannot say that the blow has fallen prematurely.

Life's largest promise has been well fulfilled. Our honored and beloved friend had filled out the three-score and ten years that are said to be allotted to man ; and then he had traveled on through another decade, and on still through a large fraction of another. Three years more would have given him a life of four-score and ten. A few hours more would have brought him to the anniversary of his birthday, which he had been wont to mark with some special observance from year to year. It pleased God that this anniversary which was so near should find him among a larger group of friends who had passed on before to that world where those birthdays are celebrated in which the soul is

born again. Let us not forget today the rejoicings and congratulations that are resounding there.

I have said there was here no premature quenching of the spark of life. This is a good old age. True, there was a grand holding up and holding out of physical strength. There was a wonderful reserve of vital force, that so far as we could see, might have well extended his life to a century of years. The divine psalm that gives us proximately the natural limit of our earthly life, has added that "when by reason of a special endowment of strength, there are four-score years, that very strength is but another name for labor and sorrow." The rule is not without its exceptions. And it is a grand and beautiful exception that we have before us today. By reason of strength there have been the four-score years—the nearly four-score and ten years—and yet this strength has not been burdened with infirmity and suffering. On the other hand, there has been a wonderful freedom from bodily pain.

True, the life of our dear and honored friend has not been without its sorrows;—deep heart-breaking sorrows. But his Christian faith triumphed over them; the sun broke forth from behind the cloud, and his pathway became bright and luminous again, and his life serene as before.

Let us devoutly recognize the goodness of God in sparing him to us so long, and giving him this marked exemption from the sufferings that so commonly attend the later years of life.

Again, there is much to console us in the consideration of the general tenor and drift and usefulness of his life. It has not been an aimless life. It has not been an idle life. It has not been an unproductive life. Tried by either of these

standards, it commands our respect. It has been a life of high and noble aims. There has been the aim to deserve well of his country; to serve his generation; to promote intelligence and good morals; to fight the battles of truth against all that is false and pernicious and hostile to the general welfare; to uphold virtue against every form of evil; to aid in every laudable enterprise; to assist those who were struggling with adversity; and to encourage a generous ambition on the part of the young. Above all, he has aimed to promote that which is highest in human thought and human aspiration and human achievement—the fear of God, and the love of God, and the golden rule of love for man. It was here that he saw the surest promise for the life that now is, and for that which is to come. This was the standard to which he sought to conform his life. It has led him to “cast his bread upon many waters, and certainly something of it has come back to him after many days.”

He occupied an honorable post in a noble profession where the man of generous aims has great opportunities to withstand iniquity and promote righteousness and justice among his fellow-men. His brethren of the bar testify for him that he has used his opportunities conscientiously and well. Their testimony, freely, though as yet informally, expressed, betokens a marked unanimity of sentiment, and is evidently the utterance of sincere hearts. To have won such a testimony, and to have deserved it, is to have achieved a record for which surviving friends may well be grateful.

Here are all the marks of a useful life—usefulness of a high and noble type. Is there anything higher than this outward usefulness that is possible to man? Standing at the mouth of the grave, with our outlook for the time upon the

great unseen world, and the Great Supreme Ruler in that world as well as in this, we rejoice to answer that question in the affirmative. And here again, we have something, yea everything, to be grateful for in the memories of the hour. Judge Crosby could look back upon the morning of life as the time when the deepest soul within him responded to the voice that rang in his ears with the words, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" "they that seek me early shall find me;" and then was woven that bond that held him through all these years to the Saviour of the world to whom his early espousals were given.

And it was more than all the world to him some three days ago, that He who has said, "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," had said also "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

With all this to console us, we may say, not perhaps "there is nothing here for tears;" but rather let the tears of affectionate remembrance be tempered with the profoundest gratitude to Almighty God, that by His grace our dear and honored friend has fought so good a fight, given so grand an example, and gone to so glorious a reward.

Memorial Discourse.

DELIVERED AT THE HIGH STREET CHURCH, FEB. 15, 1885.

BY REV. OWEN STREET, D.D.

“WITH LONG LIFE WILL I SATISFY HIM, AND SHOW HIM MY SALVATION.” *Psalm xci: 16.*

A sentence or two of the preceding thought will indicate the type of character for which this promise was written: “Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.”

This world is not our home. Yet we have what we call a home here, and it is the center of our brightest joys and of our purest earthly affections, a type of the better home above. Life is proverbially short. It is the long sigh of

the generations that we scarcely enter the world before we are admonished that the time may be close at hand when we shall be called to leave it. Yet there is what we call a long life in this world, long as compared with the brief stay of the infant of a few days, or the little child that is prematurely cut off. It requires but a glance at what is passing in the world, to see that the promise which we are considering is not of universal application. It is not without exception even among those whose character and manner of life are described in this psalm. Rather it is itself the exception. Yet it carries a meaning that is a universal truth. That meaning is elsewhere expressed in the declaration "length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand are riches and honor." Or, as we should put it in our more common style of thought, he who sustains the character and lives in the spirit that is here set forth, is in the way of fairest promise for a long and happy life. There must be the ordinary uncertainties that hang about life and all its interests in this world. There are what we call fatal accidents that may lie in the path of any one, however guarded and apparently secure, and

"Fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home."

There are ocean storms that no ship can outride. But the well-built ship in which there is no unsound material, has the best promise for a long succession of prosperous voyages.

There is still another universal truth contained in the text. We find it in that word "satisfy." It seems at first view as if this would be a hard point to make out. It is very commonly true that there is a strong clinging to life, a shrinking and drawing back from the final surrender—from that giving up of the known for the unknown, and from that separation from those that have become dear and precious to the soul. But it is not as if there were no comingling of other and higher feelings with these; no uplifting of the heart to God; no victories of an overcoming faith; no longings "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." No more is it as if the promise must utterly fail unless it have a large fulfillment in this world. There is a large field for its accomplishment in the broad opening future, and the unalloyed satisfactions of eternity. He who has said, "I will satisfy him," has all resources and a boundless future at his

command. The man of faith may well respond, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

There is still another element of promise here: "I will show him my salvation." This means, of course, a salvation for him. And it conveys the impression of a great promised boon. It is not a deliverance brought about by inferior agents. "I will show him my salvation." I will show him what a saviour I can be. When all the promises that had been made to Abraham were to be gathered into one, and concentrated into a single word, it was said, "I will be a God to thee."

In like manner, when all the splendors of the heavenly world as revealed in the visions of the apocalypse, its city of the New Jerusalem, with walls of sapphire and gates of pearl, and streets of gold, and crowns and thrones, and harps in célestial hands, were to serve as mere approaches to a supreme and ineffable glory, the final turning of our own thoughts is to Him who is the Great All in All.

When he puts himself in the center, the promise becomes supreme. Beyond that, or higher than that, our thought cannot go. And

yet that is the culmination of this very promise before us; God is in the center of it. I will satisfy him and show him my salvation. When we look at the Promiser we know we cannot measure the boon.

It may be said further, in illustration of this promise, that life is not truly measured by the clock, or the calendar of weeks and months, or the number of years. It is written, "The child shall die a hundred years old." One person may live longer, as tested by the measuring-line of achievement and usefulness, in a single year than many another in three quarters of a century. He who lives as God would have him, is sure to live long enough.

Not long enough it may be to satisfy his friends; not long enough perhaps to accomplish all his own plans; but long enough for him to be satisfied with God's decree of removal whenever it may be carried into effect.

These thoughts may fitly lead us on to the contemplation of the long and useful life of him whose lamented departure has been to us the event of the past week.

Nathan Crosby was born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, February 12, 1798; a gift of the last

century to the present. As his father was in professional life, a practicing physician for forty-six years, we should naturally infer that the children took their inspiration for the paths of literary culture and public service directly from him. But the fact seems to have been otherwise. His father had not much leisure for books, and still less for direct educational work in the family.

We see this clearly enough in his son's account of his "long cold rides in the saddle over rough roads by day and by night, in storms of rain and snow, and under the terrible freezing temperature of the long winters of northern New Hampshire. It is a mystery," he tells us, "how he lived through those cold winters and heavy snows, often breaking out his own road over the high hills of Sandwich in a single sleigh, with only a coverlet over his feet and knees; visiting the sick in their cold houses, where one room only could be made comfortable." Besides what he has written and published to this effect he has narrated to me the circumstances that seemed for a time to be clearly determining his life to agricultural pursuits.

In a conversation in regard to his older

brother, Dr. Josiah Crosby, of Manchester, while he was yet living, he said, "I owe everything to him. He was a very dear and kind brother to me. There seemed to have been a place made for me; it did not appear to be a thing to be thought of that I should do anything else than take the farm; but he had acquired other tastes; and he talked a great deal with me, and woke my ambition, and persuaded my father, and turned me to a life of study." And it seems he did the same for the other children. I have since found the following brief paragraph in the memoir of the Crosby family: "First in the family to break away from the general destination of boys in his time, his culture and influence turned the family into the opening avenues of education, so that the sisters became school teachers, and the brothers professional men. His counsel encouraged father, and his own progress stimulated us all to meet and conquer all obstacles in our upward course. He was our counsellor and guide, and our brother beloved to the end."

A pleasant and delightful tribute this for brother to render to brother. To me it is as

interesting for what it shows of the narrator as for what it shows of his brother.

From this it is but a short story, though it seemed long enough when the incidents were passing, to his preparatory studies, and his college life.

In college he not only pursued the allotted course of study with his class, but acquired a strong attachment to the institution, which seemed to grow with his years. He proved himself especially open to the quickening and molding influence of the eminent men whose acquaintance he formed there—the officers and trustees and visiting friends of the college, and the more aspiring of the students. Indeed, we may well believe that the students of Dartmouth College, as a body, in those days as in these, were earnest and aspiring men. Their errand at the institution was not to spend money or trifle away their time. It is not difficult to trace in all Judge Crosby's history the influence of the companionships and the less intimate acquaintances of his college life, and even the opportunities of observing distinguished men with whom he never spoke. A great and important part of his effective education came through this avenue

of his peculiarly susceptible nature. I think it is Cicero who tells us that among the Romans the statues and mementoes of the dead were a continual admonition and stimulus to thoughtful minds, rousing them to nobler efforts and higher achievements. Judge Crosby preferred to take his inspiration from what he remembered and observed among the living. He was a diligent reader also of the works and biographies of the eminent men of New England. He never thought that his education was completed when he left the college. He continued to study as long as he lived. This kept his mind bright and active. He was continually recurring to that thread of history that held him in vital connection with his alma mater.

It was only a few weeks since, after his strength had begun to wane, that I found him contemplating a paper of reminiscences of his classmate, Hon. George P. Marsh, who was for a time Minister of the United States to the Sublime Porte. He commenced gathering the material, but I think the paper was not completed.

His pamphlet, entitled *The First Half Century of Dartmouth College*," is a most delightful work. Like some of the pages of his family

memoir, it has a rich flavor of the early pioneer life of New England, though in a different vein, and is sprightly and stirring from beginning to end. I do not wonder that the students who listened to it were eager in their applause.

The college did itself honor in conferring one of its highest honorary degrees upon him. He afterwards, at the request of the alumni, prepared a eulogy upon the late Hon. Tappan Wentworth, of our city, who was the donor to the college of half a million of dollars. Later still, he wrote a pamphlet on the distinguished men of Essex County with whom he had been brought more or less intimately in contact. Each of these works show that he had lost nothing of his earlier ability to discern and strike at the salient points of whatever subject he chose to discuss.

In 1857 he made me acquainted with a plan which he had formed, and was beginning to carry into execution, of condensing and compiling from newspapers and reviews, an annual of obituary records of the men who have originated and developed our institutions, or made themselves eminent in any department of life. It was a herculean task that he proposed to himself;

that of casting his drag-net over all our wide country, and sweeping together the records of between one and two thousand newspapers, and selecting from them those accounts that were worthy to have a place in his work. But he proved himself equal to the undertaking.

He produced two octavo volumes of between three hundred and four hundred pages each, one for the year 1857, and the other for the year 1858, and dedicated them to the president, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

It was a hopeful dream of those days, as he repeatedly told me, that this would meet an acknowledged want of our literature, and furnish him a useful employment, when, as the case might be, through infirmity or otherwise, he might retire from the bench. He received many words of encouragement and warm appreciation from such men as Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, Judge Bell, and Drs. Blanchard and Cleveland of this city. But the work did not prove remunerative, and after the issue of the second volume, it was abandoned.

The idea, as he had conceived it and developed it, was an original one; and if the work

could have gone on, we should have had at this time in our libraries, as Edward Everett foretold, "a valuable historical compend." Some things certainly would have been saved that are now lost to history.

Some seven or eight years ago he printed an octavo volume of one hundred and forty-three pages, to which I have already alluded, of which he modestly says, it was not for the public, but for his relatives, a family book.

But it has fallen into other hands, and been spoken of in book notices as a work of rare interest. It shows us his father and mother, and something of the earlier generations; it shows us his brothers and sisters and their families; and it shows us something of himself and his own family.

It takes us into the comparative wilderness of early New England, and shows us how the settlers lived, with what obstacles and enemies they contended, and how they became the hardy and virtuous people they so commonly were. But the point of deepest interest to the thoughtful reader is that array of noble men and women, all from the bosom of one household, which the memoir presents. In such a family he might

well take a generous pride. His account of himself is certainly a modest one. It is rather an account of his contacts and of the scenes in which he lived. But these are the side-lights that show us the man. Or rather, the entire work shows us the man.

Besides these works, on which he bestowed no inconsiderable labor, he has written from time to time for the newspapers, both in Boston and in our own city. Most of these communications have borne directly or indirectly on the cause of temperance. I shall have occasion to allude to them in another connection.

What I have thus far said, has been with the view of presenting our honored friend in his intellectual development. I could not speak of him as he was, and as he has been known among us, without reference to those products of his pen that reveal to us the workings of his mind.

You see him there as you saw him every day, giving close attention to the matter in hand; determined to know well what he is expected to know; making no claims to knowledge which he does not possess; mindful of his points, and going straight to the mark; ready to learn from

others, and holding tenaciously what he has already learned; thinking clearly and speaking forcibly; bright and quick at repartee; transparent and kindly disposed to all; firm yet conciliatory; self-poised, dignified yet easy; courteous, a gentleman by nature, and still more a gentleman by grace; of fixed principles, yet always conceding to others the right to differ from him. Such we find him in his books, and such we found him in all the walks of life.

Let us contemplate a little more distinctly his aims and his influence in his daily duties and in society. He was not satisfied to live on the low level of selfish aims. He discharged his professional duties conscientiously, seeking to get at the truth, and render a fair measure of justice between man and man.

His brethren of the bar give a generous testimony for him to this effect. Of course they cannot always have approved of his decisions. It was their right to differ, and to carry appealable cases to the court of appeal. But there were thousands of cases tried before him for which there was no appeal. And he has repeatedly expressed to me his surprise that when he was obliged every day to decide adversely to one

or the other of the opposing counsel, there was left, after all, such a generous fund of good feeling, and that he found himself treated with such uniform courtesy and kindness by the bar. I am glad to repeat in the presence of so many members of the bar his testimony which is so honorable to them. They have discerned his honest intentions, and respected the goodness of his heart, when their judgment differed from his. It is said that our judges are generally incorruptible and honest men, seeking to swerve not so much as a hand-breadth or a hair from exact justice. I am glad to believe this. I am glad to believe that there is something in the very pressure of a weighty responsibility upon the mind of man that tends to equipoise and inclines to uprightness. Besides the uniform rectitude of intention and purity of motive which have been so freely ascribed to our honored friend, there has been a very grateful and pleasing recognition of his marked urbanity and courtesy in all the walks of life. This was inseparable from him. It seemed as natural as his breath. Meet him where you might, in public or alone, at home or abroad, when at leisure or under the pressure of business, in public vehicles or on the

sidewalk, this calm, dignified, polished demeanor seems almost never to have deserted him.

It is an honor to our city to have had so long in one of its public places a man who could be thus generally respected by the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant—a man whose presence was a rebuke to all that was rude or uncivil; and still more to all that was low or dishonest or corrupt or vile—a man whose life was an incentive to every decency and every virtue.

He entered into the anti-slavery reform before it became popular, from the force of conviction, and with all the zeal of his youthful heart. He saw many other men, for whose talents and standing he had a high respect, bowing with servile suppleness to that barbarous sentiment that for a time controlled the nation, but he, so far as I know, never wavered. He did not believe our country could long prosper or accomplish a high and noble mission in the world, with the incubus of slavery upon her. When the war broke out he was quick to discover the part the people would have to bear in aid of the government, in the way of anticipating and providing for the wants of the

soldiers. Indeed, the very first public suggestion of which we have any knowledge, of the practical measures that would be needful, was from him. And it was accompanied by a liberal donation that opened the way for all that flood of beneficence that was so soon afterward poured forth, both by the rich and the poor, in all our loyal States. And I need not say that through all that long struggle there was no heart that beat with a warmer or intenser loyalty to our imperiled country, or a nobler sympathy for the sufferings of its defenders than his.

I can almost hear today the solemn cadences of his voice as he so often led us in our prayers to heaven in those years of anxious suspense and gloom.

Judge Crosby deserves to be long remembered for what he has done as the advocate of good morals among us. From the bench, on the platform, before legislative committees, and in religious bodies, he has spoken earnestly, eloquently, and with the deep conviction that came from his special opportunities of seeing and knowing the evils of intemperance.

He has also written much, as you know, for our local press, discussing every aspect of the

temperance reform; and some of his articles have been widely disseminated, calling upon his fellow-citizens to bestir themselves to check the work of destruction which is going on in the midst of us. His heart has been in this labor from the earliest days of the reform, and no one knew it in all its stages better than he. His practice has always been consistent with his teachings. And his vigorous hold upon life, and his grand and noble command of his faculties to the last week that he remained with us, have made him a splendid example to prove that in his principles and theory of temperate living he was not mistaken. He saw in the prevalence of intemperance and its associated evils the chief hindrance to our national prosperity, the greatest drawback to the civilization of the nineteenth century, and the most formidable barrier in the way of a true Christian faith and a pure and undefiled religion. It was for such reasons as these that his life-work was so largely concentrated upon the field of temperance reform.

His religious life began early. Many years ago he told me of the strong hold which the pastor of his youthful days, the Rev. Mr. Hidden, of Tamworth, New Hampshire, acquired

upon his mind, and of the impressions that were made and never lost.

He early made a public profession of religion, and bore his part in the labors and duties and burdens of the church. He has been from the first the honored high priest in his own household, acknowledging God at his daily table, and maintaining the family altar through all these years. His last service in this long line of faithful duty was rendered after his final sickness had become far advanced, and is spoken of as one of great fervency of spirit and wonderful scope and tenderness of feeling. His spirit has been uniformly cheerful and sunny and inspiring. He had a strong, unwavering, controlling faith which held fast to the word of God and the early New England standards. He believed with steadiness and firmness of conviction in the doctrines and church polity which he had inherited, and deeply lamented every tendency to laxness or defection from them. He has been watchful of all changes in the religious or irreligious world; rejoicing over every bright and hopeful indication, and marking with deep regret everything that seemed to be carrying the flow of events backward or

downward, yet never letting go his strong assurance that there is one at the helm of affairs that will overrule all evil, bring out wonderful results of progress, and give the world a brighter day. This cheerful outlook gave tone to his faith, and made it practical. He was ready for every good word and work. He was liberal in giving and earnest in advocating every Christian effort.

When the first beginning was made for the French Protestant Church in this city, he was quickly at the front; he was made chairman of the committee during the several years of doubtful struggle; the meetings were held at his office; and in the darkest days, he, more than any one else, gave impulse to the faltering life of the enterprise, and spoke the words of cheer that encouraged others to carry it onward. The great work of Christian missions was very near his heart. He was heartily in sympathy with the American Board of Foreign Missions, and kept himself well informed in regard to the broad fields in which they were disseminating the gospel in so many different languages, and such widely separated portions of the world.

He felt equally the importance of our great

home missionary work, and was a generous contributor to both. It is almost superfluous to say that he had a ready sympathy and helping hand for every effort to do good in our own city. He had his preferences of one method above another, but he rejoiced in the success of all that he honestly believed were proving themselves useful.

Such a man as he had of right great influence in the church. His intelligence, his weight of character, his extended intercourse with educated Christian men, and his sound views of religious truth, were recognized and appreciated. If his brethren on rare occasions differed from him in judgment, it was with regret. And yet it was on these occasions, very few in number, that his truly Christian spirit manifested itself especially to our admiration. He not only held fast to the principle that the majority must rule, but he schooled himself into a prompt and good-natured submission to their rule. He could advocate or oppose, as the case might be, a given movement with great earnestness and evident conviction; and yet, when he saw that the vote of his brethren went the other way, accept the result at once, not only without asperity, but with the same cheerfulness as if his own view had been

adopted. I have seen him rise on such an occasion, and offer a motion for the necessary measures to carry out the will of the meeting, and offer his own services in execution of the principal labor therein involved. In this, as in many other things, he has left us an example that I trust will not soon be forgotten.

I know I shall be pardoned, if I say a word in this connection of what Judge Crosby has been to me as a personal friend, adviser, and helper in my work in this church and in the city.

The first letter that invited me to Lowell was from him. He was chairman of the committee that brought me the proposition to settle here. When in the pecuniary stringency and pressure that brought a gloom that year upon the whole country, there was difficulty in meeting all sorts of obligations, he, unsolicited, I think, advanced money for the payment of my salary.

During these almost twenty-eight years there have been many times when he was to me just the friend for the hour. There are others, many others, God bless them, for whom I could say the same. But the services rendered have been

different. I owe him many a debt, the items of which cannot here be given, and for which the payment in full has waited for the settlements on the other shore.

His life seems to me, as I take a general review of it, to have had its course mainly in the sunshine of a gracious and prosperous Providence, amid the smiles of friends, and with an exhaustless fund of pure enjoyment in himself. Indeed, it is scarcely a year since he made the remark, "I cannot say of the years I have reached, that 'there is no pleasure in them.'"

Yet he has passed through griefs and sorrows of no ordinary type. In his own near and dear kindred he had a wealth of social treasures not often equaled. Not many men can point to so many brothers who have made for themselves an eminent name and a permanent record in the annals of their country by their literary and professional achievements. It was a generous pride that he took in them, and he tenderly loved them. But he was called to follow them all, one by one, to the grave. His sisters too, all but one, have been taken from him, all equally beloved, and surrendered with the same pangs of bereavement and of grief. But nearer to his own life

did the destroyer come when the wife of his youth, and the mother of his children, was taken away. For a time, home was no longer home. Dear ones were there, dear as any father's heart had ever known, but the vacancy that he found there had an answering chasm in his own heart, which was for the time the one consciousness of his life. He visited his brothers; he returned to his home. He sought the consolations of religion. He stood in his pew some three Sabbaths afterward as I came from the pulpit after having discoursed upon the "willing mind that is accepted," defining it in one aspect as the submissive and acquiescent mind—and giving me his hand, with streaming tears and breaking voice, he said, "Mr. Street, I cannot get the willing mind." He had not then sufficiently analyzed his feelings to discover that the very struggle to bring his mind to acquiesce in the ways of God, was submission in the sight of heaven. Some eight years afterward, he was called to suffer another and a double bereavement, for which no antecedent sickness had prepared him—daughter and granddaughter buried together in the waves. We were all smitten with the sudden sense of bereavement then. How vividly comes

back the remembrance of those days of unutterable suspense, between a persistent hope that caught at every straw, and the dark probability that we read in that ominous silence of the cable advancing every day nearer to the deathly certainty! What a week of horrors was that! By day and by night the little we could know—simply that first startling announcement reiterated—and the scene it presented was before our minds. How we refused to admit the thought that our loved ones, for they seemed our own, dear as sister or daughter to us all, could have clung through all those dismal hours to the iron wreck, to be swept away by the remorseless waves at last! If such was that crisis of bereavement to us, what must it have been to him, and to the stricken household, who shared with him the terrible blow! Then indeed did he walk in the deep valley, and bow himself down between the dark mountains. If we told him what a treasure God had lent him for so long a time—he replied, “Ah, that is the treasure I have lost! The brighter you make it, the greater my loss.” But there was no repining there! There was crushing grief. Sorrow that made the world turn dark for a while. But

rarely has a human spirit been chastened into a diviner mood than came afterward upon him. I shall never forget the impression that was left upon my mind by his tender and moving addresses, from week to week, in our Friday evening meetings. He did not on these occasions rise from his seat; and he seemed like one who contemplated uttering only a few words. But his first thoughts drew on others, and he sometimes continued on at considerable length, stirring our hearts as if he had a message from heaven.

Thus did his terrible affliction work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness. And thus did he emerge from the shadow of his great calamity. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"Grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light."

Our honored friend passed into the evening of life almost without knowing it. "If this is what they call being eighty-six years old," said he, at his last birthday reception, "I don't know much about it." The energies of life were active and strong, and the sense of vitality had suffered no loss; his mental powers were bright and vigorous and clear. There were keen flashes of

thought when he had become too weak for much conversation, and ready, vivacious hits that seemed like those of his best days. He seemed not much concerned to know whether he was likely to recover or not. It was indeed a wonder to him that since he had neither disease nor pain, he did not gain strength or recuperation from the nourishment that was provided for him. But the thought of what this all meant, or whither it pointed, seems to have given him no anxiety. He had done his forecasting in other days, and preferred to go on, as in all his life, not knowing what a day might bring forth. No one cared to obtrude the fatal secret upon him, knowing, as we all did, that with him it would make no difference. He had nothing to settle with the unseen powers. The accounts were all made up. The eternal covenant was signed and sealed with blood. And so the wheels sped on to the end. As nature sank, the spirit rose; and the city that hath foundations, and the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, we doubt not, have welcomed our dear and honored friend to his long-promised inheritance.

How hard for us to take in the sad fact—sad for living friends who have known and loved

him so well — that the places that have known him will know him no more. The earthly mansion that has so long been his home — that bright and hospitable home; the court room where he has for so many years rendered the decisions of human justice — this sanctuary in which he was so constant and devout a worshiper for so many years — that seat where his presence has been as a tower of strength in our earthly Zion, and an encouragement and stimulus to both pulpit and pew; his place at the preparatory lecture and the communion table — all these places will know him no more. He is not here. By the favor of a kind Providence he has been with us long. He has fallen only thirteen years short of a century of life. His allotted three-score and ten years have become nearly four-score and ten; and yet with almost no trace of that gathering infirmity that is said to burden these added years with distress and sorrow; he came close up to the goal with such a measure of strength, and with such royal command of his faculties, that we may almost say, as was said of Moses, his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. But his time had come to depart. The Master called, and he has gone. Did he not

hear something like this as he neared the gates on high, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?" And does not that same voice speak in the ears of the stricken household and in the ears of this household of faith, these words of consolation and grace today: "Sorrow not as those who have no hope; for if you believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words."

Action of the Bar.

ON occasion of the death of Judge Crosby, a meeting of the Lowell Bar Association was held in the police court room on the 12th of February, 1885, and was largely attended by members of the Bar.

In calling the meeting to order, the President of the Association [Mr. Bonney] made brief remarks, substantially as follows:

Brethren of the Bar: Nathan Crosby, who for more than forty-two years has been connected with this Bar, and for thirty-nine years, as Standing Justice, has presided over the police court of this city, having arrived at the great age of eighty-seven years, and finished his work, has, in the inevitable course of nature, passed from life. The newspapers of today have related to the public the chief incidents of his life, and they are too familiar to all of us to require recitation now. This is not the occasion, nor is mine the office, to pronounce a eulogy on his life or character—we are here for a different purpose—but it is difficult to wholly suppress the emotions with which the occasion fills our hearts.

Judge Crosby sustained a closer and tenderer relation to the members of this Bar than to any other portion of the community, beyond the limits of his immediate family. I

may properly say that to many of us his relations were paternal; before him, many of us tried our first cause, and practically commenced our life-work; to all of us he was an intimate and affectionate personal friend. This we all feel, and all our memories of him are pleasant and grateful.

The duration of his judicial life is remarkable. Of all the judges who were on the bench of this State or (so far as I know) of this country when he commenced his judicial career, not one survives him. In reviewing his long official life, what reminiscences must have filled his mind—and what memories does this occasion bring to us of that long roll of our brethren who began their professional life in his court and under his administration, and (some of them having arrived at eminence in the profession, many of them at the average age of man) have passed from life before him.

I knew Judge Crosby before his appointment to the bench, and, though at the time a student, it happened that the conduct of the justice court business of the office with which I was connected had been committed to me, and I tried causes before him, and had personal observance of him during the entire period of his judicial life. There were peculiar circumstances attending the commencement of his judicial duties which rendered his position one of very great difficulties and severe personal trials. The manner in which he sustained himself in those days, and surmounted the difficulties which encompassed him, won for him the respect and admiration of the Bar, and, in my judgment, were the greatest credit and triumph of his life.

The prominent traits of Judge Crosby were his great conscientiousness, patience, urbanity, general impartiality,

wonderful self-control, dignity, and absolute freedom from malice and vindictiveness. I have observed him on many occasions of great provocation, but I never saw him in anger. I never saw the least indication that he harbored malice or desire of revenge against any. He had a forgiving spirit, and he freely forgave those that did him wrong. There is a portion of the Lord's Prayer which we often shudderingly hear uttered by men whose hearts we have reason to know are filled with unforgiveness and revengeful desires. I firmly believe that Judge Crosby might safely and with propriety have prayed, "Lord, forgive me my trespasses as I forgive those that trespass against me."

I have spoken of his affection for the members of this Bar. I deem it fitting that I should relate that the last time I saw Judge Crosby—a few weeks ago at my own house—after he had finished the immediate purpose of his call, he spoke of himself and his health, and expressed his apprehension, in view of his advanced age, that, though himself unaware of the fact, his mental faculties might have failed him to such extent that he had become a tax to the patience of the Bar, and it was his duty to retire from the bench. I assured him that I had observed and heard nothing indicating such a state of things. He then took occasion to express in warm and evidently heartfelt terms his sense of obligation for the respect and great kindness with which he was treated by the members of the Bar and his love for them. He so expressed himself that it was evident that his heart made no exception—his affections embraced every one of us.

Judge Crosby had passed the extreme age allotted to man, and is taken from us when the purpose of his life was

accomplished — pursuant to the natural laws of transition by which all mortality must pass away. To complain of this is to rebel against nature and God. For his long, useful, and pure life with us, we have great reason for congratulation and thankfulness.

I beg you will pardon these unpremeditated remarks ; we are called together at this time, not for eulogy, mourning, nor mingling of tears, but for business — to take such action as shall seem best to enable us at a fitting time to manifest our respect for the good and honored citizen and judge, our beloved brother and friend, who has gone to his final rest.

Brethren of the Bar, the Chair awaits your pleasure.

The Hon. Daniel S. Richardson said he fully concurred with the President in all his remarks upon the venerable man who had just passed away, and moved that a committee of seven be appointed by the Chair to draw up resolutions to be presented at another meeting of the Bar, and after receiving its approval, to be presented to the family of the dead jurist.

The Chair appointed the following committee: D. S. Richardson, J. N. Marshall, Jeremiah Crowley, John Davis, C. S. Lilley, Jonathan Ladd, and George H. Stevens.

At a subsequent largely attended meeting of the Bar, held in the court room on March 4, 1885, the following resolutions were introduced by Hon. D. S. Richardson, Chairman of the Committee, with a few eloquent, well-chosen words of eulogy :

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Nathan Crosby, the Standing Justice of the Lowell Police Court, who was born February 12, 1798, died

on Tuesday, the tenth day of February ultimo, and *Whereas*, his long life among us, and his honorable career as a judge, commencing May 19, 1846, and ending only with his life, make his death the more impressive, and render it just that the members of the Lowell Bar Association should in some form pay an appropriate tribute to his memory, and express fitting words of consolation for his family and relatives, therefore :

Resolved, That we bear testimony to the usefulness of the deceased during his long judicial services, and to his ability and patient industry and faithful discharge of his official duties amidst all the perplexities inseparable from a judicial position, and we express our acknowledgment of his worth as a citizen, and of the value of the example which his life furnished.

Resolved, That his administration of justice in his court, which had varied civil and criminal jurisdiction, extending over a large community, gave general satisfaction, as coming from a judge conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and aiming to do right, and that if he made errors, they were errors of judgment, to which all are liable, and which he would have been glad to correct.

Resolved, That we recognize and acknowledge his kindly feelings towards the members of the Bar of this court, most of whom now in the practice of the law commenced the same after he took his seat on the bench, and received their earliest professional experience and training in his court, and whose progress and advance therein he looked upon with parental regard.

Resolved, That we tender to his family and relatives our sympathies with them in their grief, and bear witness

to the pleasant memories of his life-time, which surround his name, and bring comfort to those who mourn for him.

Resolved, That these resolutions be presented to the Lowell Police Court, with the request that they be entered on the records thereof, at the close of the record of his long judicial work, where they may remain as a grateful acknowledgment on the part of the members of the Bar of the value of his labors on the bench, and as the expression of our respect for the memory of an upright and conscientious lawyer and judge, and of a valued and honored fellow-citizen.

The resolutions, before being read in open court, were adopted by the Bar Association.

REMARKS BY D. HALL RICE, ESQ.

May it please the Court: Although I may fairly be reckoned as among the younger members of the Bar, in comparison with those who knew Judge Crosby longest and best, I feel that it is proper that I should contribute what I can upon this occasion in expression of my respect and regard for his character, as the presiding justice of this court for many years. It is the pride and boast of our legal fraternity, as well as the citizens at large of our Commonwealth, and justly too, that we have always possessed a judiciary illustrious for learning and dignity, a judiciary capable of tempering justice with mercy while maintaining the integrity of our laws, a judiciary second to none in our nation for the acumen and exhaustive comprehensiveness of its decisions. Not only is this true of our higher but of our lower courts, and among the names of those who have given them this reputation, none has stood higher for many years,

and none will be better remembered for many years to come than that of Nathan Crosby.

I well remember, sir, the impression made upon my mind, when sixteen years ago I first entered his court, and commenced to practice my profession here before him. Coming as I did from a Southern State, where I had already commenced my profession, and having read law in the State of New York, and being thus to some extent familiar with the forms of judicial procedure in those courts, I was nevertheless impressed with the dignity which he maintained upon the bench, with the patience with which he heard the causes brought before him, and with the sterling common sense with which, breaking through the maze of obscurity cast about the vital points of the controversy by counsel and witnesses, he so often arrived at the crucial questions which determined his judgment. If we cannot say of Judge Crosby that we believed him to have always decided rightly (and of what judge could we truthfully say this?), we can at least say what redounds far more to his credit, that he always decided as he believed to be right, regardless of personal bias or popular prejudice. Judge Crosby was first and foremost a just judge. We always felt when before him that what he desired most was to do that justice and fairness which is the highest credit that we can give to the bench. Technical pleas, unsupported by justice, stood little chance of favorable consideration by him. Not that he disregarded those legal maxims which have come down to us as the contribution of the wisdom of successive ages in the form of established law. To these he was always subservient. But there is a capacity of the judicial mind to distinguish in their application where the dictates of rigid legal forms end, and those

of equity begin, and this capacity Judge Crosby possessed in an eminent degree.

When I come to his personal relations with this Bar, and especially to speak of the interest he felt in the younger members of it individually, how can I express the feelings of gratitude which each one of us must have had towards him living, and of reverence for his memory now that he is dead? He never forgot that he was once a young lawyer, and he listened with all the more patience to us younger lawyers when we came before him to plead a cause. He was always anxious to show us that he took an active living interest in the members of our profession, and I believe he always rejoiced in our success. With always a kindly and genial word to bestow upon us, even when he denied our request, he brought home to us the truth that social and friendly relations are always compatible with the earnest conflicts of the legal forum, and so strengthened the bond of our association when those conflicts were over.

When I am present at the opening of our courts in the morning session, and hear those words that end the public proclamation that justice shall be done, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," I feel that I can truly say that it is by such judges as Nathan Crosby was, as the ministers of that Providence which rules over all, that her laws are preserved inviolate, and respected throughout her borders.

If it may not be said of him that he was among the intellectual giants at the Bar or upon the bench, we can still say, as we say of the oak that impresses us by its symmetry of form and vigorous growth, that he possessed a sturdy symmetry of character, often wanting in more renowned men.

Affectionate and eloquent tributes to the conscientiousness, urbanity, patience, and nice sense of judicial propriety of the dead Judge were paid by the Hon. Charles Cowley, Luther E. Shepherd, George H. Stevens, Martin L. Hamblett, F. W. Qua, Esquires, Hon. Jeremiah Crowley, and others; and Judge Hadley spoke as follows:

Gentlemen: The words of kindly eulogy and tender remembrance which have been spoken by members of the Bar in reference to the late venerable Standing Justice of the court, and the resolutions presented, which embody in appropriate language your estimate of his life and character, meet my cordial approval. Having been for many years, as you all know, intimately associated with Judge Crosby in the performance of official duty in this court, I came to know him well, and only to esteem and respect him. During these years of official intercourse, covering more than a quarter of a century, nothing ever occurred to disturb our intimate relations, and not an unkind, unjust, or ungentle word was ever exchanged between us. If we differed, it was with the best of feeling, but with mutual respect. He was a very dear and kind friend to me, and I am glad to testify to his many acts of pure and disinterested friendship during our long companionship.

Judge Crosby was a man of many noble and amiable qualities. He was a man of high standards, and moved upon an exalted plane of moral action. He was a man of pure and honest instincts, and our community is better today for his long life of Christian work and example among us. For nearly thirty-nine years he performed judicial service in this court, seldom absent, except for a few days on account of slight illness or a brief visit. In the

discharge of these duties, he was, I believe, so far as it was possible for a man to be so, humane, conscientious, incorruptible, and just.

Where his duty, as he saw it, called him, there he was sure to be found. Reared in what would perhaps in these days be called an austere school of morals, he was bold, earnest, and aggressive in his denunciation of what he deemed wrong and injurious to the welfare of his fellow-men, and at the same time he was by no means narrow or illiberal. A kinder hearted, a more truly sympathetic man I never knew. His heart was always warm with a generous philanthropy. He felt keenly for the poor unfortunate ones who were daily brought before him—the victims of inherited or acquired appetite, heirs of transmitted sorrows, born of poverty and neglect, without kindly nurture or the sweet influences of home, and he has many times said to me how deeply it grieved him to do his duty by them, for he felt that the blame was not theirs alone. He was a good example of the well-bred Christian gentleman. He had a dignity of manner, a gentlemanly bearing, a kindly presence, which never deserted him, and which always inspired respect. However much one might differ with him in his reasoning and conclusions in cases tried before him, or expressed in his published appeals on moral subjects, you could not but feel that he was honest, pure, and conscientious.

I hardly think that many of us who were accustomed to see him in his place on this bench, fully realized how much of this world's momentous history post-dated the birth of our venerable friend. Born in 1798, the middle-aged men and women who were about him in his boyhood and youth,

were active participants in the great events which gave freedom to these States, and established the republican government under which we live. To them the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown were as recent events as those of Antietam and Gettysburg are to the middle-aged men of today. In 1798, with few exceptions, most of the great statesmen and commanders of the Revolution were still living. Washington was passing the last year of his grand life in quiet retirement at Mt. Vernon. George III was still King of England. Bonaparte had but just begun his career of conquest. Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz, and Hohenlinden—indeed most of the great Napoleonic struggles, so familiar in our reading, were events of the then future. The year of his birth Nelson won the battle of the Nile; but the crowning glory of Trafalgar was not achieved. Our venerable friend had beheld the growth and development of our country from feeble, debt-burdened commonwealths, just emerging from a terrible conflict for independence, and entering upon national life with a population wasted by war and disease, to a great, splendid, and populous empire of freemen, including a magnificent domain extending from ocean to ocean.

Madame de Staël has said, "It is difficult to grow old gracefully." Judge Crosby did not find it so, for surely nothing could exceed the charming ease and pleasant grace with which he assumed the burden of an added year. He always entered on a new twelvemonth with happy cheer and almost youthful anticipation. He was by nature a man, as Wordsworth has said, "of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

He was a man of a kind and forgiving spirit, bearing

no malice, and harboring no resentments. His was also a generous and hospitable nature, and no man felt a deeper interest than he in plans for the alleviation of the distresses of poverty and the moral improvement of mankind. Feeling great interest in these subjects, he did what he could with his pen for their advancement and success. That he wrote truthfully, earnestly, and fearlessly this community will attest.

Having reached an age exceeding by many years the allotted life of man, and being prepared by the consolations and assurances of a Christian faith for the great change, he peacefully passed away. He will be long remembered in this community as an upright magistrate and a useful and patriotic citizen.





